

The Last Phoenix

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Summary: What if there was another person with Ciel that month. What if the cult needed a phoenix to summon a demon, and what if Sebastian had two contractors. Avalon is the last phoenix and her wings were brutally cut off by the cult. Now, she needs Sebastian and her power's combined to get them back posing as the Earl Phantomhive's long lost sister Avalon will do anything for her wings.

1. Chapter 1

Avie's head hung low as she slipped her food discretely to the prideful ten-year-old boy next to her. She wouldn't- couldn't eat being surrounded by what she was surrounded with. It made her sick seeing what she saw everyday one child, no older than eleven, sacrificed every day, so that these men could have power.

"Ciel?" She whispered to the terrified boy on her left. The only answer was terrified shivers from him. She got as close as her shackles would allow her trying to radiate body heat to warm the boy up. God only knew how warm she could actually be. She didn't know why out of all of the children Ciel stood out the most to her. It could've been how he never let his pride be wounded even if the whipping post was the result. Or it could've been that even with his hard cold outer shell to her he was still as innocent as any ten-year-old could be. She couldn't tell but out of every kid he was her favorite, so her good grace passed on through him. But that good grace was running out seeing as he was the last kid and midnight was coming soon.

"Ciel, eat the food you're starving." She looked up and down at the skinny boy. His ribcage was showing through his potato sack, his once strong legs had barely any meat left on them, and his face was so pale in the torch light blue veins danced everywhere taunting them reminding them of their situation.

"What's the point?" He whispered. His voice was hoarse and his entire body was shaking. "I'm next, so you can stop pretending everything is okay now. I'm going to die soon and you can't get back what they took

from youâ€¦ How are you so okay with this?" He turned to her his deep blue eyes begging to safe although he would never say it out loud.

Avie's eye's suddenly darkened she hated these men and their end goal. She hated what they needed to make that end goal. Her hands unconsciously went up to touch the wounds on her back. She glared up at the Pasteur standing at the alter preparing what was hers for Ciel's sacrifice.

"I'm not okay." She answered her eyes glowing in hatred her skin suddenly flared competing for dominance against the icy shackles bound to her wrists. The Pasteur looked up at her smirking in triumph as he plucked the last of her feathers setting them around the pentagram never breaking eye contact with her. "I WILL KILL YOU!" She screamed lunging towards the sadistic man. Her shackles made a hissing sound as her powers flared around her touching everything but the inside of the pentagram. "I WILL SEND YOU TO THE DEEPEST PIT OF HELL AND WATCH YOU SUFFER THE NEVER ENDING TORTURE AND LAUGH AS I WATCH YOU SCREAM IN AGONY!" She struggled against her bonds as her freedom suddenly dissipated into ashes. Avalon collapsed on the floor as boiling tears ran down her features and collided with the cement floor. The fire in the room became unbearably hot as a masked guard took Ciel out of his shackles just to place him on the sacrificial alter. The flames around the room were turning a searing blue as she watched the sadists chant in Latin safely inside the circle of feathers.

"Unum signum, puer sacrificium, et libertatem a pluma de igne volucrem. Septimo circulo inferni daemonem conjuro te." They kept repeating the chant as the Pasteur slowly raised the dagger as if taunting her to try anything more. Avie's entire being was consumed with horror and hatred as she struggled. The chains were so close to snapping in half. The fire in the room had reach beyond searing and was now white and directed at the altar in the center of the room.

"I WILL WATCH YOU BURN IN HELL!" She roared as the man dug the knife into Ciel's chest turning carving a hole into the boy's chest. Ciel let out a scream as the man removed the dagger from his body wiping it off on his white robes. Tears formed in her eyes as she screamed every profanity she could think of at the cult. The fire roared reacting to her anger obviously wanting to reach over the barrier and burn all of them alive. Her voice suddenly dipped to a calm that shouldn't have been possible. "Ego daemonium in gehennam ignis consentiat avis. I the fire bird give consent to the demon in hell." She finished her soulless eyes waiting for the sign that their demon would appear. The fire suddenly flickered into oblivion and the room shrouded in an inky darkness that suffocated each man as they all stood around in shock.

Before the cult leader cried out in victory, "We did it! We summoned a demon!" His look of triumph was diminished when he saw the pink eyes of the demon staring directly at me. "You will answer to us now." The man almost fainted when it turned to glare at him.

"Are you so foolish to think that a mere human could summon a demon of the seventh circle." He gulped taking a step back. Her shackles suddenly disappeared, and she raced over to the almost dead boy on the altar letting a few tears fall on his wound. Immediately the

gaping hole in his body started to heal itself.

She gently tapped his cheek trying to bring him to consciousness. "Hey, Ciel. Ciel wake up." The boy's eye's snapped open as he sat up trying to figure out where he was before realizing he was still on the altar.

He took notice of the demon. "Oh, I see they finally managed to summon one." He looked bored, but anyone who knew him would see the curiosity behind his mask.

"Think carefully," It told them. "Should you reject the faith, even this once, the gates of paradise will forever be out of your reach."

Avalon scoffed, "Do you think one such as I would make it to paradise? I am the last true phoenix. Not God nor the angelic guardians would let an abomination such as myself enter the eternal paradise." She said. "Your job is to keep me from dying until my wings are returned."

He chuckled at her little speech. "I'll ask you once more do you two wish to form a contract with me?"

Ciel spoke before her. "I do!" He exclaimed. "Now stop asking these silly little questions and kill them!" The demon turned to slaughter the entire cult but she stopped him after she heard the first neck snap.

"All, but him." She ground out her iris's reflecting the fires that ran torrent inside her. "Slaughter every single one but him!"

The Pasteur very well wet himself as she slowly walked her way towards him like an eagle stalking his prey before diving and grabbing the mouse in its talons. Once the phoenix was within grabbing distance of the man she stopped to light her hands on fire.

"You know I was very fond of my wings." She said giving him a shit eating grin that served its purpose of making him quake. "They say that when a phoenix loses their wings they lose the freedom and good will they're supposed to deliver to people. And you know what," She widen her sadistic grin further, "They are absolutely right." With that she grabbed the Pasteur's throat. The smell of burning flesh filled her nostrils but she didn't care. They deserved to be tortured and slaughtered as violently as possible. Muffled screams came into the background and for once she was the one instilling fear into this man.

2. That Phoenix, Musically Inclined

"Miss Avalon time to wake up now." Sebastian entered my room with his usual cart and aromatic food. Light flooded in through my eyelids as he walked over to my windows opening the orange curtains that were too expensive for my taste.

"Nnnn, Sebastian let me sleep!" I whined pulling my covers over my head in a weak attempt to go back to bed. My comforter was pulled off my body by the damned butler.

"I'm sorry," _Liar_, "But the young master has his lessons to attend to with professor Hugh's and you," He pulled his face closer to mine, "Have defense lessons with me." That perked me up.

"Is it really Saturday already?" I asked taking the scone he had prepared for me in my lap.

"Yes, I do believe so." He answered taking the cart out of my room to go wake Ciel up from his Zombie like slumber.

"I'm going to kick your ass today, Sebastian!" I yelled after him. His shoulders started slightly bobbing up and down as he walked farther into the hallway. "Don't you start laughing I will do it!" I shouted at him.

"If you say so Miss Avalon." I heard him chuckle.

"Oh, piss off!"

The black clad butler was suddenly in front of my face again making a few of my red hairs stand on end. "Is that an order?"

"Jesus, don't do that!" I yelled pushing his face far enough away so that I could roll off my bed.

"It is not lady like for you to be swearing all the time like that now is it?" He asked giving me his mock smile that I'd gotten used to after two years. I reached for my wardrobe when he pulled me back by the collar of my nightgown.

"Sebastian I can dress myself." I told him knowing full well that he was going to say something like it was his duty to dress his Lady. "Now go wake Ciel up before he has a bitch fit." Sebastian just raised his eyebrow unwilling to let go of nightgown. "That is an order."

"Yes My Lady." He bowed before reluctantly letting go of my pajama's. "I look forward to today's lesson with you." He ran out the door before I could dignify him with a response. "Damn Demon." I mumbled before reaching into the wardrobe and pulling out my sparring outfit. It was a simple outfit containing a gray pair of men's pants and a long sleeved lace pull over that hugged my body tightly. It was perfect for Saturday's because Sebastian didn't play good cop when it came to sparring with the all-powerful fire bird.

"You need to protect yourself when your powers aren't an option." I'd repeated when I asked after a day when he'd gone particularly hard on me. That was his one condition for his self-defense lessons was that none of my pyromaniac habits were to befall on his prestigious manor.

I threw my hair up into a hasty ponytail. It was another thing about me that rendered passerby's speechless. was the way my hair seemed to catch the light so that it was red at its roots, highlighted with orange, and yellow once it got to the very edges. It baffled most people to find that it was completely natural. "It just grows like that." I would say to them after a long conversation on how it was impossible to have hair like that. Then, they would simply demand an answer wanting to know what kind of witchcraft I was working with.

I quietly stepped into the dark hallway of the manor. To be met face to face with, Mey-Rin, the head maid in the household. Her fuchsia hair was blocking my view as she jumped two feet into the air not realizing I had come out of my room.

"My Lady!" She exclaimed immediately trembling in fear. I could never get it through her head that I was neither Ciel nor Sebastian, for as much as her and the others were incompetent at their assigned tasks they tried their best. "My Lady, I'm so sorry, I am!" She said getting down onto her knees locking her hands in front of her face. "Please don't fire me! I was only trying to wake you and-" Mey-Rin pleaded.

I cut her off chuckling slightly at her antics. "Why must you apologize so profusely for simply running into me." Her jaw fell slack at my response even though I repeated those words to her at least twice a day. "Just say you are sorry and carry on with the chores."

Mey-Rin suddenly stood up with a determined look on her face and saluted me before walking off to attend to her duties. Why she saluted me I didn't want to know. Who knew what went on in the deepest recesses of the servant's minds, and I'm sure nobody actually wanted to know.

I shook my head and continued down the dark hallway to the courtyard where Sebastian held our lessons. Not to my surprise he was already there standing in his black suit and gloves crossed over his arms. The three stooges were standing 'stealthily' in a bush next to the stairs.

"Are you ready my Lady?" He asked slightly bowing and giving me his signature smirk. I didn't dignify him with an answer stepping in our make shift sparring area. He took that as a yes and started his usual count down.

"3,2,1," the demon immediately started on the offensive side as per the usual. Every Saturday he would take a running jump, so I decided to use that to my advantage this time. As soon as he jumped I ran forward and grabbed his shoe pulling him down to the cement with me. A quick look of shock ran over his features before he quickly recovered taking offense for the billionth time. I tried to kick him, but he grabbed my ankle and flipped me so I landed on my stomach.

"That was such a predictable move," He smirked again, "But of course this is coming from a predictable person. I do believe you should just give up now. It really is such a waste of effort."

"Why don't you can it!" I pulled my face off of the ground just to pushed back on to the pavement by his foot.

"I do believe I have won this round." I could hear the smugness in his voice, and I want nothing more than to wipe it off the face of the Earth. "I have seen better from you my Lady after all being a Phantomhive means nothing but being the best of the best."

"Oh, shut up and go help Ciel with his lessons!" I shouted at him. For some reason he was being even more of a prick than usual.

"She's so unlady like, she is." I heard Mey-Rin say from the bush. I brushed it off because our agreement for me being able to curse and wear pants around the house was that I was to act like one of the princesses around people.

Sebastian took out his pocket watch to look at the time although it was just for show. We barely sparred for thirty seconds. "We have a guest coming today, so I leave for now to make the preparations."

I looked up all annoyance replaced by curiosity. "Oh, who's coming?"

"Mr. Damiano of the Poseidon company." He answered fully preparing for the couple pieces of singed hair that stood up on my head. Mr. Damiano was a complete creep who tried to seduce me the last meeting we had. Of course I'd scarred him both mentally and physically by burning a hole in his chest, but he'd gotten his revenge by 'secretly' selling the stuffed animal factory in India and mooching money off of Ciel. I'm guessing that's what the meeting was about.

"Please tell Ciel that I will be attending his lessons today," I paused stopping in my tracks. Professor Hughes always took it to way too easy on the boy he deserved a challenge. "Also, he has a half hour to practice all twelve harmonic minor scales memorized." Sebastian smirked. Music was one of things I expected to be taken seriously. Whether you went into the profession or not, it was a great skill to have for things like balls and extra pocket money. Not that Ciel needed any more money than he already had.

"Anything more, My Lady?" He asked placing his right hand over his heart and slightly bowing.

"Do we have Mozart's symphony no. 40?"

"I believe we do." He answered looking up slightly to see my thinking face which people rarely saw because I was such an act now recollect my thoughts later person.

"Good, tell him to sight read it to me when he's done with his scales."

"You are being quite hard on him today he is only a beginner." I turned to face him with an incredulous look plastered over my features.

I opened my mouth just to shut again. My mouth could form no words although my mind was steaming. I did this a couple times before I finally managed to settle on one thought.

"The first day you tutored him on the stock market you managed to give him two tests on the same day!" I said. "Twelve scales and sight reading is not anything compared to you. That boy is not stupid by any means possible, and he has been working on scales for weeks." I told the demon. "He can do it." With that I walked off without so much as giving the demon a glance.

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I winced as Ciel hit yet another wrong note on his violin making me mentally mark down his overall score even more.

"Sixty out of ninety." I winced again at his score. "Ciel we've practiced every scale on the circle plenty of times. It actually shocks me that you would let yourself get such a low score." I told him. Ciel never let himself fail. He would rather let himself die before failing.

"Well I wouldn't have failed if you hadn't've given something so difficult to memorize!" He pointed his index finger at me angrily as I waited for his ragged breaths to become less.

"You wouldn't have failed if you had taken my lessons seriously." I sat down on the bench and started playing as I talked. "In all honesty Ciel I would have known if you'd been in the music room. The violin is a rather loud instrument, and the manor echo's just like a symphony hall." I never broke eye contact with him having memorized these scales long ago.

"I-" He tried to speak, but I cut him off.

"No excuses can make up for your incompetence. In the four weeks I've given you to memorize these I've seen you have six days of free time. And in those six days you sat in your study twiddling your thumbs." I gave him a sharp glare that made him flinch slightly. "Your study is right down the hall is it not? I do not need to start chastising you like a mother chastising her child no do I?" I knew the child comment would strike a chord with him because he immediately picked up his bow and proceeded to play every scale without a fault or break in concentration. Ciel didn't need practice when his pride had been wounded.

"Now that wasn't so difficult was it?" I teased grinning at him. He rolled his eyes in response.

"Stop teasing me, and give me something to work on." He huffed as an idiot hair stood up on the crown of his head.

"I was going to have you play Mozart's symphony No. 40, but I will leave you to your work since Mr. Damiano is coming today." I didn't get to see the annoyed glare he gave me because I was too busy walking out of the music room to grab a brothers Grimm fairytale book.

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